

CULTURE AND SLANGINESS; SLIPSHOD WAYS OF SPEAKING

Unfortunate Impressions Given to the People of Other Countries Through Incorrect Phrasing, Grammatical Errors and Perpetual Use of Slang

By ELLEN ADAIR

WHEN one comes to think of it seriously there are few people who take the trouble to speak correctly. It's so easy to fall into a slipshod way of talking, and so many people do it—people who are looked up to by their neighbors as "super-talented" and whose friends begin to imitate them, and in the last resort become as careless in speech as they are in their work.

The sad part is that this slipshod style of address induces a corresponding slipshod attitude of mind. Any old way of talking means "any old way of thinking," too.

Of course, there are lots of individuals who simply haven't had a chance to learn grammar, or the sequence of tenses, and all these hundred and one things essential to correct speaking. It is their misfortune, not their fault. Yet one wonders if they would not learn better through a little judicious reading or the attending of a few lectures, or the cultivation of friendship with people of higher attainments.

Opportunity for culture is greater in America than in almost any other country in the world. Where can one find such a wonderful system of public schools, free trainings in this, that, and the next profession, and where such opportunities for the very poorest man, woman or child to gain knowledge and education?

Yet Americans give a very strange impression of their culture when they sail forth to other countries. No one doubts their business abilities, nor their thirst for sight-seeing, and generally "improving" their knowledge of places and peoples. The money is there, right enough; the kindness is there, and possibly the culture, too. But where, oh where, is the grammar?

No one has ever denied that the American slang is amusing; that it explains a point well; that, in fact, it hits the nail right on the head with unerring aim. But at the same time it too often violates every rule of correct speaking, and though it may be very expressive in America, in other countries it is listened to with aghast amazement and with no little criticism.

The following specimen of purest English—a "movie" synopsis—recently appeared in an English periodical, and duly electrified its readers:

"When Walter was a high school rabbit he scooped after one old ex-wife, to be his mother. Next he fell on an Amazon who wore a blazer and walked like a policeman. The she-robot couldn't see him. As a sophomore he was strong for the actresses. When he was a senior the football favorites were no longer worthy of him. He was all snarled up over the sister of a prof.

At commencement they were almost engaged. His father put him to work, and two weeks later he had forgotten the lady highbrow.

"He began to act more like a human being and less like a college graduate. He was full of business and had very little time for the fluffly gender. At 40 he was known as a good business man, with an adamant heart. All the fair sex passed him up. Then he met Violet. She was a half-portion, aged 35. She did not know who was President, but she was a cutie to look at. A week later he began sending flowers and sitting up and barking when she snapped her fingers. She got him with a pruning hook, and now he's a proud father."

This interesting document is quite typical of the speech of many Americans. But its effect on people of other countries can be better imagined than described.

WHITE DRESSES HURT EYES OF LITTLE ONES

Colored Garments and Walls Advised by Optical Society Convention Speaker

The mother who takes such pride in seeing baby dressed all in white will have to remodel her tastes or else continue to fail to do her duty by baby. If she insists on white dresses for the little one she will be sacrificing the welfare of the infant's eyes to her own peculiar prejudices in the matter of what is proper in infants' wear. Such, at any rate, is the statement of Prof. Frederick A. Woll, of Columbia University, who spoke at the convention of the Pennsylvania Optical Society in the Hotel Adelphi.

The worst color to which baby's eyes can be exposed is white. And this goes not only for dresses but also for white-papered bedroom and nursery walls. "The mother who dresses her baby in white, and who has the habit of putting white walls, or wheels it about in a white coach, is impairing her child's vision," declared Professor Woll. "Because of the irradiating tendencies of white, constant exposure to it will lay a foundation for ocular troubles. White is usually selected for clothing and walls because it shows dirt and gives warning when washing is needed. We should know, however, that white is dirty from the length of time it has been in service, and not wait until the dirt is apparent. In selecting colors for walls and clothing white should be replaced by browns, light tans and greenish grays.

"Another consideration in eye hygiene which shows a menace to the eyesight is our method of printing. Virtually all books are so printed that the line of type or width of the column is too wide. In reading a line of print, the eye does not move gradually from letter to letter, but progresses by quick jumps. An eye should not be required to make more than three jumps to a line. A newspaper column is of such width that a line in it may be read with three jumps, and is therefore a very satisfactory column."

This is the second and last day of the annual convention of the Pennsylvania Optical Society. The session reopened this morning with a business meeting. The convention will close tonight with the annual banquet in the Hotel Adelphi.

The headquarters of the convention are in the Hotel Adelphi, but the business sessions are being held in the assembly room of the Chamber of Commerce in the new Widener Building. This is the first convention brought here by the new Convention Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce.

GIRL "RUM" USERS INCREASE

Mrs. Albert Smith Calls Attention to Alarming Factor in City

Drunkenness among girls of this city is increasing, according to Mrs. Albert Smith, head of the city police matrons. The increase is especially noteworthy in the better-class families, she said. "There is something wrong with our family life," she said, "and conditions such as these prevail. The increase in drunkenness is not among the worst families, but is among the best. In the central section of the city any night may be seen girls in various stages of intoxication. These girls have been to drinking places in fashionable hotels with men who get them drunk and then are ashamed to be seen on the street with the girls. They take the girls to a police station and leave them there. One police district's record in one month showed that there were 63 arrests of women for drunkenness to 32 arrests of men for the same offense."

Mrs. Smith spoke at the fall meeting of the Women's Social Union of the Reformed Church. She urged the members to take active measures to assist in ameliorating this condition.

METALLIC TRIMMINGS AND POINTED TUNICS FOR FALL

IN SPITE of the apparent distastefulness of the present styles, there can be no reasonable doubt of the fact that transparent effects are as popular as ever. At a recent opening at one of the New York specialty houses transparent effects were almost universal, the only rival being the rage for metallic tissue creations and velvets. Of course, both of these were combined with transparent materials in some manner, chiefly by utilizing nets, chiffons, Georgette and similar fabrics as contrasting ornamentation.

Opalescent trimmings of various kinds are also favored, with jet, pastermetite and crystal; in fact, all possible variations of this elaborate manner of trimming a gown are decidedly fashionable. These, however, are confined to use by the woman who is elderly or, at least, approaching the age when she ceases to be able to carry a debutant frock without various disconcerting remarks from her feminine acquaintances.

The younger generation has myriad fads and fancies from which she may make up her favorite dance frock—a metamorphosis of white silk, netted with flesh-colored tulle. The underdress is made of the same charming material. The bodice is surplice style, made quite full, and garlands of moss roses peep out from the folds of net. The effect is simplicity itself and properly youthful.

Plans are being made for a busy season by the Lyceum-Institute, the first meeting of which will take place in the Keneseth Israel Alumnal Building Tuesday evening, October 21. Music and sociability will be the features of the first meeting. Some of the members of the Symphony Club have volunteered to assist at the entertainment, and Miss Beulah Hammerschlag, soprano, and Franklin Wood, tenor, of the Keneseth Israel choir, have consented to sing. Refreshments will be served. The meeting will begin at 8:15 o'clock.

Samuel F. Nixon Has Birthday Samuel F. Nixon, a theatrical manager, is celebrating his birthday today at his home in Atlantic City. Although it may be noted that the manager's natal day is the 13th, the sign of the "hoodoo" has yet to be seen in connection with any of his enterprises. Nixon is a power in theatrical affairs here, being managing director in the Broad, Garrick and Forrest theatres. Disagreeing with other authorities, Nixon prophesied a banner year for the stage, even in the face of the serious inroads that the moving picture was making on it.

What of the styles for next season? What sort of hats shall we wear? What modes will show signs of re-entrance? What shall we do with our hair? What startling dance will enthral us? What name of cards shall we play? What new disease must befall us? What sort of clubs will hold sway? What band of new microbes will hurt us? What former fashions go adrift? What new reforms will diversify us? What shall we try to uplift? —The Club Fellow.

Chippy Sparrow Wants the Impossible

Out in the backyard garden it was plain to be seen that something was happening. Billy Robin was flying around and around the yard. Mrs. Billy was scolding stormily over apparently nothing at all and Chippy Sparrow was coaxing and pleading for something in his politest manner. "Do stop your teasing, Chippy Sparrow," said Mr. Garden Toad at last, when it seemed to him that he could stand the noise no longer. "What is it he wants, Billy Robin? Why don't you give it to him and stop the fuss? This garden is so noisy and mixed up this morning that living is no fun!" "Why don't I give it to him?" asked Billy crossly. "He don't want me to give him anything! He wants me to do something for him!" "Well, then, do it," said Mr. Garden Toad decidedly. "Do it for him quickly and stop his fuss!" "That's all you know about it," exclaimed Billy Robin excitedly. "You don't care one bit for my feelings!" "And we won't do it, and we can't do it, and we aren't going to do it! So there!" cried Mrs. Billy desperately. "If you want any fuss stopped tell Chippy Sparrow to be sensible!" Mr. Garden Toad rolled his eyes in despair. "I see I have said the wrong thing for once," he remarked. "Maybe if I knew what all the noise was about I could help, but as it is—?" and he rolled his eyes and shook his head disgustedly. "I'll be glad to tell you what the trouble is about," spoke up Chippy Sparrow. "and then you can see for yourself how unkind and obstinate Billy is! In all my acquaintance with him I have never seen—"

"Here! Here!" interrupted the toad, "don't talk about Billy Robin that way! He's a friend of mine! If you have anything to say about this particular fuss, say it! But keep your complaints about Billy to yourself!" He spoke so sternly that Chippy Sparrow hung his head and looked very sheepish. He knew that Mr. Garden Toad would allow no unkind words in the garden and he should have known better than to speak as he had. Mr. Garden Toad saw how sorry Chippy looked, so he relented and asked kindly, "Now, what was it you wanted, Chippy?" "I just wanted Billy to stay and spend the winter with me!" he said. "And Billy won't, because he's afraid of the cold and the storms—and I think he might stay and try to live!"

Before Billy or Mrs. Billy had time to speak the toad began laughing, and he laughed and laughed till finally Billy and Mrs. Billy and even Chippy himself joined in just to be in style! "Billy can't stay north," cried the toad, when he at last shook the laughter tears from his eyes. "Robins have to go south—I thought everybody knew that!"

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WEST PHILADELPHIA BABIES STAR BIG SHOW

Prettiest, Cutest and Best-Dressed Youngsters Chief Feature of Carnival at 60th and Market

The prettiest babies, the cutest, the fattest and the best-dressed babies in West Philadelphia are expected to be gazed, petted and cuddled today for the parade and open-air baby show of the West and Market Streets Business Men's Association's annual carnival, which opened last night.

With decorated coaches, more than 100 babies and children over 5 years old will begin the parade at 6th and Chestnut streets at 2 p. m., tightly gripping the gifts of candy which will be distributed to keep them in line. Mrs. William Magee, wife of the association's president, is chairman of the committee of judges. Twenty-five prizes will be awarded.

Mayor Blankenburg, Director Cooke and other officials are expected formally to dedicate the new section of paving on Market street west of 50th street tomorrow night, when there will be street dancing with three bands. A mardi gras will be held Thursday night, Friday and Saturday will be tag days, in which 3000 tags, with lucky numbers, will be distributed for prizes ranging from a box of cigars to a live bull pup and having an aggregate value of \$500. The new street has already been "baptized" with a Charley Chaplin parade and dancing, which were held last night.

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BABY MILK

(Dr. Gaertner's modification) Ideal at Weaning Time Highest grade milk carefully modified in our special laboratory to suit the normal baby's needs. Free daily in 6 oz. nursing bottles at 5 cents. Best and safest! It will help to keep baby well! Printed matter with valuable hints on feeding mailed free on request. Ask your physician. Abbotts Alderney Dairies 31ST & CHESTNUT STS. Phone BERNETT 205.

HORLICK'S Malted Milk

The Original Malted Milk Unless you say "HORLICK'S" you may get a Substitute.

THE DAILY STORY: "Devotedly, Bill"

"Where are the matches?" "Nan stumbled over a tabourette and emitted a startled exclamation. "Forevermore! Eleanor, where on earth are you?" "Stand still until I can find where the switch is, goose. There came the click of a button and the long reception hall lay revealed in a flood of light. "Thank goodness, the current wasn't shut off. Everything else seems to be. It's better than waiting five hours at the station, anyhow, and we can get a little sleep before we catch the morning train."

"Where are you going? Don't leave me alone. I've got the evening mail-trains now. It's like a haunted house!" Eleanor smiled down at the forlorn, tired figure on the offending tabourette. "I just want to call mother up on long distance so she won't send the car down to meet us at daybreak." She lifted the receiver from the stand telephone. "Hello, hello? Operator? Why, this is turned off, Nan."

"We could go to a hotel," dubiously. "Well, we won't. We'll go right upstairs and go to bed in comfort." Eleanor drew off her long gloves and yawned. "It was after 12. They both needed rest more than anything after the trip down from the mountains. Nan peered down the shadowy hall.

"Empty houses are awful places, I think. They always seem sort of dead. Do you remember Tennyson's 'Deserted House'?" "Life and thought have gone away, side by side." "No, I don't. 'Fraid Cat." Eleanor picked up her suitcase and cloak. "I don't believe in ghosts or goblins, or any fearsome things at all. Come along. It was cheerier in the cozy bedroom suite upstairs. The rooms connected with each other, and Nan rambled about, her brown hair in two long braids, and a kimono wrapped about her, looking at the girlish knickknacks and photographs scattered about. It was Eleanor's own special corner of the suite. One could track each of her college years by the books, penchants and kodak pictures. All at once she stopped short. Tucked into a corner was a photograph that seemed different from all the rest. It was such a splendidly manly young face that smiled out at one from it. He seemed to take the whole world into his confidence. Nan turned it over and read on the back in a scrawling, boyish writing: "Devotedly, Bill."

Over at the little white dressing table, Eleanor sat brushing her hair. Somehow one would ever have connected her with college boys who signed themselves, "Devotedly, Bill." She was so self-contained, so rather imperious in her ways. At old Brangwaine Hall, where Nan had been her classmate for four years, the other girls had nicknamed her "Queen Eleanor." But Bill did not belong to the Brangwaine days. Nan knew there had been a special course up at Cornell when Eleanor had left the hall. Bill surely belonged to that period. And suddenly Nan shuddered to think that dear old dignified Nell, as they had called her, should have had a romance all by herself with this wide-eyed, joyous youngster.

"What are you chuckling over?" asked Eleanor. "Devotedly, Bill." "Oh, Nell, I didn't mean to stir up anything." "Oh, it's all right. You didn't strike any heavy minor chord." She looked down at the photograph tenderly. "He was just a boy I met up at Cornell last winter, the very first boy that ever dared to love me. You know, Nell, how it seemed as if I always rather frightened away men. I never could flirt and be nice like the rest of you girls. And up

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there one day I was in the library about sundown, looking up some references. He came up behind me, and never even asked permission, just tipped back my head, and kissed the good and plenty."

"Bless his old brave heart," interrupted Nan fervently, leaning forward, her chin on her hands. "Then what?" "Then" (Eleanor's eyes were full of tears) one day I went skating down at the lake, and the ice broke through. He got me out, saved my life, every one said. Mother came up to see me then, and I wanted her to know Billie. That's about all. You know mother. She simply whisked me down here in the spring, and closed the house in June the day after he called here. She's trotted me around all summer, trying to make me forget, and I haven't any idea where he is now."

"Doesn't he ever write to you?" "We promised we wouldn't, not for a year. What's that?" "Both girls rose to their feet with startled eyes.

"Somebody fell over the tabourette in the hall," Nan whispered, her dark eyes wide with dread. "You turned off the light." "Did you hear that?" Nan whispered, her face pressed against the door listening. "Somebody whistled, and it was answered."

"I'll have to break these shutters to call for help." Eleanor looked about for a battering ram. Outside in the bare hall there came the unmistakable sound of footsteps, a moment's pause and pounding on the door.

"Come on, now!" called a deep voice. "Open up. You know you can't get out of there." "And you cannot get in," returned Eleanor clearly. "If you attempt to break in the doors I will call."

"Sure, 'tis a woman's voice," they heard some one say. "Shall I break in the door, Mr. Blair?" "No, no, wait." The knob turned. A shoulder pressed against the panel. "Nell, open the door, please. I know your voice. It's Bill."

"Who's with you?" "Just the watchman. I saw the lights and thought burglars were in here. Open the door, please."

Eleanor turned the key. Tall and very lovely she looked in her long blue crepe kimono, her face pale and determined, her hair in two long braids over her shoulders like some old-time Saxon princess. "Sullivan moved tactfully down the hallway, testing locks here and there. Nan had dropped limply into a willow chair, with its back toward the two at the door. Bill raised two white slim hands to his lips and kissed them.

"It's so wonderful to see you again, girl, dear. I've watched these barred shutters all summer, waiting for you to come back. I won't wait a year, Nell. Look at me. Aren't you glad to see me?" "Don't you know, Billie boy?" "Listen, dear. Don't let them take you away from me again. It's providence, this mix-up here tonight. I've been patient for months. Don't say no, Nell. I'll be over early for you, and we'll be married before anything can happen."

He was gone before she could even protest. From the willow chair came a contented chuckle and a brief remark: "Devotedly, Bill."

Advertisement for Van Orden Silhouette Model. It features a woman in a corset and the text: "DESIGNED to fill Dame Fashion's latest decree. A short corset with the flare design, yet retaining an ideal Hip and Thigh Control. Not a confining control, as in the past few years, but a graceful, close line that makes the perfect foundation for a fashionable gown. The control is also brought into effect in the upper part of the model. It has the incurred waist line and firm support for bust and surplus flesh beneath. Silhouette Model, \$10.00. VAN ORDEN 1204 CHESTNUT ST.

Advertisement for Welsbach "Reflex" Gas Mantles. It features an image of a gas mantle and the text: "Between this Mantle and Your Eyes is a very real and important connection. Eye health demands, first of all, good light; and good light begins with a good gas mantle. Why be contented with less than the best for your eyes? Ask for the genuine. Welsbach 'Reflex' 'SHIELD OF QUALITY' Gas Mantles. Formerly 25c. Now 15c. For Upright and Inverted Gas Lights. Awarded Grand Prize, Highest Honor Panama-Pacific International Exposition 100 Points Excellent. FOR SALE BY Gas Company and Dealers. When you know Welsbach Lighting you prefer it."

MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS SHE IS SO TENDER HEARTED

A comic strip titled "MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS" and "SHE IS SO TENDER HEARTED". It shows a man and a woman talking. The man says: "OH! MONTY, LET'S GO AND SEE WHAT THEY'RE DOING!" The woman replies: "ALL RIGHT, ANGEL." The man says: "THEY LOOK LIKE FISHERMEN." The woman replies: "AREN'T THEY CUTE?" The man says: "WHAT HAVE YOU IN YOUR BOAT?" The woman replies: "LOBSTERS, MUM." The man says: "HOW MANY HAVE YOU ALTOGETHER, AND WHAT ARE THEY WORTH?" The woman replies: "MAYBE SHE'S GOING INTO THE FISH BUSINESS." The man says: "WE GOT ABOUT 2,000. WE'LL GET ABOUT \$200 FOR 'EM." The woman replies: "I'LL GIVE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY FOR THEM, BUT YOU MUST—". The man says: "THROW THEM BACK INTO THE WATER. I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF THEIR BEING BROILED."